

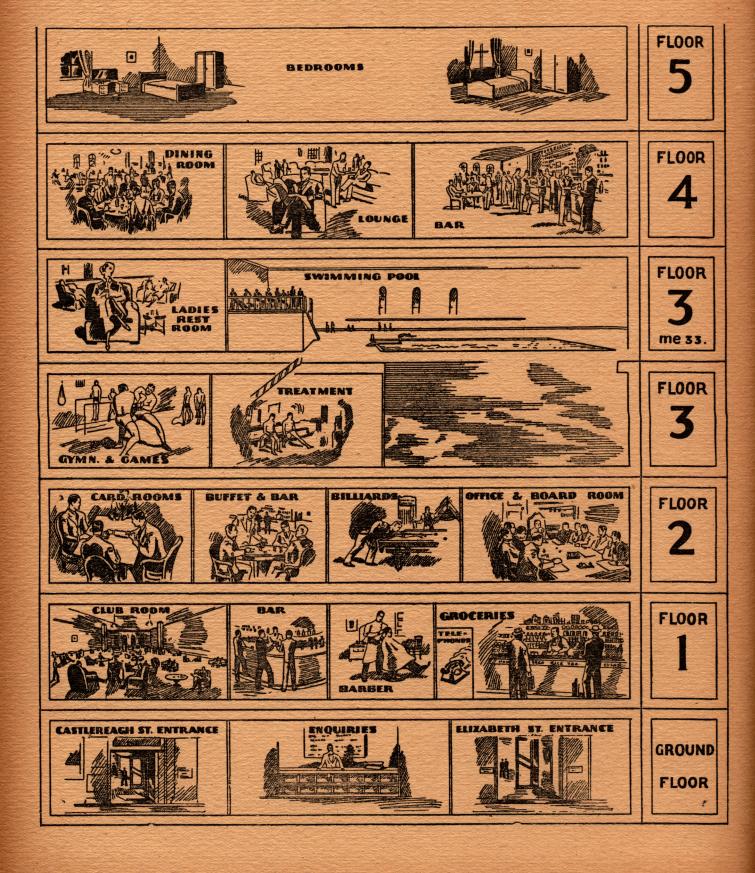
Tattersall's Club Magazine

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 4. June, 1945.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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T is a cheering sign, as denoting the mood of the British, that they are already thinking about sending teams overseas for competitive sport. Preparations are being made to renew the British Empire Games, which may be held in Canada, and there is talk of cricket and football teams visiting us.

These excursions are, of course, conditioned by circumstance. Much will depend on how the war goes against Japan (in particular) and how the peace fares in Europe. The British bulldog, having fastened its teeth, never relaxes. In the previous war, Churchill said, during the retreat from Mons, that the animal was so equipped physically as to be able to hold on and breathe.

Our reference at this stage is to the will of the British to return to their normal habit of life as quickly as possible, and thus give a lead to the depressed world in a typically British way—through sport.

Many who would normally have provided new blood are unfortunately posted missing in the places where the British have fought—and where haven't they fought? Their spirit lives in the survivors, who will in good time play the game with the zest, even abandon, that is as splendid in defeat as in victory.

When they come among us, let us remember who they are—the reformed ranks of a deathless army.

Vol. 18-No. 4.

June, 1945.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS.

JUNE:

1st, I. Green, Norman Barrell.

2nd, G. B. Murtough.

5th, F. A. Comins.

7th, Hans Robertson.

8th, R. M. Colechin.

9th, S. Baker.

11th, C. E. Young, A. E. Bailey.

14th, S. E. Thomas.

15th, J. L. Ruthven.

16th, F. E. Shepherd.

17th, Dr. J. C. B. Allen, P. P. Hassett.

18th, R. A. Cullen-Ward.

19th, N. Schureck.

20th, F. G. Underwood, C. Corn-

29th, A. J. Genge, C. A. Shepherd.

JULY:

5th, Dr. W. McDonnell Kelly.

6th, J. B. Moran.

8th, C. F. Horley.

15th, W. M. Gollan, R. C. Chapple.

17th, L. Mitchell.

19th, A. H. Stocks.

21st, G. F. Wilson.

28th, L. J. Maidment, C. B. R. Lawler.

31st, H. Webster.

* *

Foster S. Martin writes of the splendid hospitality accorded him by the Lake Shore Club of Chicago during his travels in the land of our cousins.

Bill Gourley at this writing was a patient in St. Vincent's Private Hospital, and was progressing favourably.

What impressed chiefly at the amateur boxing tournament was the spirit of those in the ring in contrast with the behaviour of not a few of the spectators. Much of the banter and of the urgings I heard about me was ill-flavoured and ill-timed. It becomes a question whether persons who do not, or cannot, control themselves, should not be controlled.

No boxer doing his best, and fighting for the love of the game, should be exposed to distraction and belittlement. Neither should sportsmen among the spectators, and in the

majority, be subjected to annoyance. Yahoos should be shown the exit.

The idea that "crowds can't be controlled," depends on the size of the crowd and on the space into which they are assembled. A burly bloke calling, "Hey, cut that out!" as a first warning, might work wonders. Failing that, he might act.

One time, a country editor, short of a leading article, reprinted one from the "S.M. Herald" and added: "We do not agree with our contemporary." I found myself in a similar fix, and of similar mind, when weighing the wisdom, or otherwise, of the "Herald's" comment — that the standard of those contests was below that of other years. Reptile contemporary, "Daily Telegraph," de-

that view I concurred generally.

* * *

clared the standard high; and with

In reviewing the contests, I wrote elsewhere that the best and the toughest of the Queensland boxers was one who had been a loser, and that another loser, a New South Welshman, had the makings of a champion. Some persons considered those opinions as being inconsistent with form, as evidenced in the results. Not necessarily. Form is an individual, not an over-all, matter for appraisal. The showing put up by this loser had to be judged as it related to the quality of his opponent, and to the exhibitions of his fellow Queenslanders in other divisions. A youngster may lose and still have "the makings of a champion." There is such a thing as maturity.

* *

When I was about to introduce George Chiene to Jack Reid, the "Daily Mirror" boxing writer, they laughed, as well they might have done. George and Jack had met in the final of the State amateur championships, featherweight division, about 1909. This was Jack Reid's last fight as an amateur. He won it, but, as he said to George Chiene, "It must have been a very close decision."

The English Press chided American Army authorities in France for having given quick despatch to two youthful Nazis—they were only boys, and all that blubber. I am not a hard man, but war isn't a sentimental business. It has penalties, prescribed by international agreement, for certain offences, including death for non-combatants carrying on war, and spies.

A spy is a spy, whether he (or she) be in his (or her) nonage or dotage, and the country wins that faces up to this stern reality. Those Nazi lads caught in the act of spying knew the risk they were taking, and accepted the short odds of their getting away with it. Fortunately, they were pounced upon.

Soft-hearted and soft-headed gestures at the end of the previous war produced an arrogance among the Huns that this time, as previously, nearly meant our annihilation—for that is what Hitler and his gang had conspired. Faced with those facts, the Americans had a hard task to perform, and they performed it creditably. Many valuable Allied lives should be saved as a result.

* * *

No power that Churchill might assume under national security legislation could outdo historically that arrogation of authority by a Secretary of State who kept Nelson and Wellington cooling their heels-"in a small waiting room," as Wellington related. However the two great men might have felt about such a show of official impertinence, it ranks to-day among the "great events." Nelson and Wellington eleven years the junior of the Admiral-had not met previously. When brought face to face by chance, neither recognised the other immediately. They entered into conversation stiffly as strangers. Eventually, as Wellington tells, an empty sleeve and a certain likeness to pictures suggested that his new acquaintance might be Nelson. Prior to that, Nelson had made an excuse to slip out and inquire from a messenger the identity of the other fellow. It proved their one and only meeting.

Whether any active player in any sport may be credited, as we read often, as "the best ever," is conjectural. All branches of sport have claimed many great players, the greatest of their time. Even so, these factors need to be taken into consideration—the quality of their opponents and the condition of training methods and tracks in their time. Veterans have said that Carbine, in later days, might have excelled horses that have beaten his times for the reasons stated.

Dave Smith, who died recently, might have been classed as one of Australia's best boxers on his showing against the best in an era of great boxers and fighters. Like many top-rating professionals, before and since, he graduated from the amateur ranks. There was only one man who had the Indian sign on him—Eddie McGoorty. Dave would have been better advised to have given the American a miss, as Johnson had given Langford with less justification.

Dave Smith first came into prominence as a professional by defeating Joe Costa, who was a stepbrother of Barney Keiran, the great swimmer. Kieran, like S. A. Spragg, the footballer, died in Brisbane from appendicitis.

Extraordinary things are happening in the Australian A.I.F. team in England. Men who developed their game between bombing sweeps or as prisoners of war are showing exceptional form. As was to be expected, they are an attacking side, and should help to lift the old game out of the dullness into which it had descended when Test—meaning test of patience from the spectators' standpoint — matches were planned like battles. The atmosphere created by these so-called games was depressing.

When Mark Nichols, the All Blacks' captain, returned from South Africa, trailing several defeats, he told me: "It's the best thing that

could have happened us. Our people believed we were invincible. The strain of living up to that reputation was terrific."

I hope the day is dawning when a Test cricketer may miss a catch or a Test footballer drop a pass, as part of the fortunes of the game, and without feeling that he has debased himself in any sense. Let us hope that we will never see another football match when, as it was written, "England won the battle and Australia won the war."

Youth will continue to play the games for which it has a natural

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature-like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispel-



DANTE, Winner of the Derby, run at Newmarket, 9th June, 1945.

preference or in which it is competent to make the best showing. Still, for my part, I like to see the younger fellows getting into the red-blooded games. And young people should certainly be numbered among the players rather than the spectators.

I asked my doctor whether there was any harm in a man's smoking. He said there was not, provided the man did not go to extremes, and provided, of course, that there was no special reason for abstinence. Generally, the doctor said, the one prescription could not be written for all men. Every man should be capable of knowing his limit, which varied among men.

ling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat with them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome.—Cardinal Newman.

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

The Inviolable Rule of Contact for Correct Potting Described — Old-timers referred to "flukes" as "Skyey Influences" — World Champion Snooker Player Joe Davis has Something to Say About "Cut" Strokes.

An interesting point brought up in the billiard room during May referred to the correct contact point to pot a ball.

It was argued that contact should be finer for a "cut" shot than for one nearly straight, but this is not so.

The contact must always be the same, no matter what the angle.

It must be understood that there is a margin because every potted ball does not go through the centre of the opening.

Actually, the champions rarely aim to "make" the absolute centre, as it would probably interfere with their positional play.

Despite that, the diagram reproduced on this page will show clearly how any other reckoning than "one contact only" will be ruinous to success.

Perusal of the drawing will show that the top ball goes straight into the left hand top pocket from various positions of the cue-ball.

The ghosted ball has been drawn in to show beyond all argument the correct contact point.

If members have any doubts about the matter let them place two balls together, such as the ghosted ball and the one above it, and then strike the first from any position such as those shown. The top ball will fly into the pocket.

Then, let them remove the "ghost" ball and they will find that failure will follow result if any other contact is attempted.

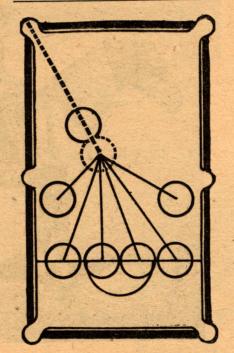
This lesson was handed out by world snooker champion Joe Davis, when the popular Englishman was staying at our club during his Australian matches with Walter Lindrum and Clark McConachy.

No greater authority for what has been written above could be given. Davis has never had a superior as a potter on a billiard table, and he has made over five hundred century runs at the multi-ball game.

Ideas of Yesteryear.

For generations billiards has been acclaimed as the most scientific of all indoor games and, in view of that, the following statement made by William Hazlitt away back in 1821 is interesting:—

"The game is very much a thing of skill and practice; but it is also



The diagram shows the correct "contact point" to be made on the object-ball if the object be to pot it. Reasons why are explained in accompanying story on this page.

a thing of opinion 'subject to all the skyey influences.'

"If you think you can win, you can win. If you hesitate at striking at the ball, it is ten to one you miss it

"If you are apprehensive of committing some particular error (such as striking the ball foul) you will be nearly sure so to do it. "While thinking so earnestly upon avoiding that which you do not want to do, your hand mechanically follows the stronger idea, and obeys the imagination rather than the intention of the striker.

"A run of luck is a forerunner of success, and courage is as much wanted as skill."

The quotation has much to commend it, although the game has advanced to such a point in modern times that such things as unintentional misses are almost conspicuous by their complete absence.

Earlier in the piece I mentioned the name of Joe Davis.

That worthy recently broke into print anent the "cut" shot which he considers is not nearly so difficult as the average amateur tries to make out.

·It certainly calls for precision, wrote Joe, but, despite that is comparatively simple.

The closer the cue-ball is to the object-ball the more easy the shot.

But, there is one point it would be well to remember: A ball cannot be "cut" at right angles.

Ballistically, that is impossible.

Davis also makes mention that while he has struck players who rigidly maintain they can "cut" the red into either top pocket with the cue-ball placed in the centre of the D the shot is beyond him.

But those players may be telling the truth. The big difference is that Davis plays on perfect tables, whereas amateurs, as often as not, find a hole worn where the spot should be. Under such circumstances the red is apt to run off at the queerest of angles.

Members will, with advantage, forget the stroke. If it is beyond Davis it will be too much for most of us!

THE GREY COAT-COLOUR IN THOROUGHBREDS

TRACE BACK TO ALCOCK'S ARABIAN

By A. Knight ("Musket.")

There is always a certain amount of romance—or call it sentiment, if you will—in the presence of a grey in any race, and it may be of interest to briefly review the greys which have been prominent in the English classics of bygone times.

As the Derby will have been decided in England just about the time these lines appear in print, the performances of the greys in that famous race are worth recording.

In the first place it must be noted that every grey horse or mare of the present day can be traced back to either Alcock's Arabian or to the Brownlow Turk. The first of these was imported into England prior to 1750, and was first owned by a Mr. Alcock, and ultimately came into the possession of the Duke of Ancaster. He was the first sire prior to 1750 to which a Derby winner could be traced in direct male descent—Aimwell, 1785. But Aimwell was a bay colt, and probably one of the least distinguished to ever win a classic. Expert opinion ascribes this transmission of grey as not being due to the actual inheritance of the colour grey, but to the inheritance of a factor inhibiting the production of colour in the hairs. Without exception, every grey thoroughbred in the world has inherited this inhibitory from one or both of these sources through an unbroken line of grey ances-

The first grey racehorse of note was Gimcrack, described by Lady Sarah Bunbury as "the sweetest little horse that ever was." He was by Cripple (son of the Godolphin Arabian) from Godolphin Blossom, by Crab (son of Alcock's Arabian). For his first owner, a Mr. Green, he won seven £50 plates, and was then sold to Mr. Wildman, one-time owner of the immortal Eclipse. After winning one race for Mr. Wildman, he was passed on to Lord Bolingbroke, who, after several wins with the little grey, sold him to Count Laura-

guais, who took him to France to win a bet that no horse could travel 22½ miles in an hour. This he did, and on returning to England went on winning at several courses. In 1768 he was purchased by the Duke

Gustavus the First Grey Derby Winner.

The greys had notched up four seconds and a third prior to 1821, when Gustavus, by Election—Lady Grey, starting favourite at 2 to 1



THE SPOTTED WONDER.

The Tetrarch, by Roi Herode—Vahren, is here seen ridden by Dick McCormick, the only other man beside Steve Donoghue to ride the horse.

of Bunbury, and in that year and the one following added more victories to his credit, and was then sold to Lord Grosvenor, for whom he went on winning until retired to the stud at Eaton in 1774, having run in 35 races, 27 of which he won. He stood a little over 14 hands in height, and it was to perpetuate his fame that the Gimcrack Club in England was founded in 1767.

against, scored by half a length for his coat-colour.

In 1899 there may have been another grey winner but for an accident. Tod Sloan, the American wizard of the saddle, rode the grey French colt Holocauste in the race won by Flying Fox, and just before coming to Tattenham Corner the pair made a match of the contest. This was the last Derby started by the aid of the flag.



THE TETRARCH'S DAUGHTER

Mumtaz Mahal, by The Tetrarch—Lady Josephine, who was
purchased as a yearling for 9100 gns. by George Lambton for
the Aga Khan.

Holocauste was just in front of Flying Fox as they neared Tattenham Corner, but as they turned into the straight the latter drew slightly ahead. Immediately afterwards Holocauste was seen to fall, the colt having broken one of his fetlocks and had to be destroyed. Tod Sloan, who escaped uninjured, declared his mount would have won had he stood up, and in that contention he was supported by many good judges.

Then, again, there might have been another winner for the greys in 1908 per medium of The Tetrarch. This phenomenal colt, known as The Spotted Wonder because of the peculiar blotches on his grey coat, had an unbeaten record at two years-was never extended, in fact -and would have started a hot favourite in any race at three years, but in his preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas struck himself so severely that his racing career had to be terminated before it could be ascertained whether his brilliance in his first season was only a "flash in the pan" or not. The late Steve Donoghue, who rode the colt in all his races, was of the opinion that The Tetrarch would not have been suited by the peculiarities of the Epsom track,

with its undulations. But, whether or not he could have suited himself to the conditions at Epsom, The Tetrarch was robbed of the opportunity of notching the second win for the greys by the accident.

The Second Grey Winner.

However, in 1912 Tagalie, a filly by Cyllene from the grey mare Tagale, made the second victory for the greys, and, for good measure, she also led the field home in the One Thousand Guineas. Besides being the second grey to win the Derby, it may be mentioned that only four fillies had

previously won it. Tagalie, like Gustavus and The Tetrarch, can be traced back directly to Alcock's Arabian. This filly is one of the many exceptions which go to disprove the Bruce Lowe Figure System, as on this theory she is a member of the No. 20 family, whereas her coat-colour is derived from families 4, 11, 23, 2, 7 and 9.

The third grey win was that of Mahmoud in 1936. He is by Blenheim from Mah Mahal, by Gainsborough, and is now at the stud in America, where he has proved a great success with his first batch of two-year-olds in 1944, but whether they will develop into horses of class as they grow older remains to be seen. If any of them ran in the Kentucky Derby, decided on June 9, none of Mahmoud's 11 winners of last season gained a place. This American classic was won by Hoop Jr., by Sir Galahad III. (imp.)-One Hour, by six lengths from Pot o' Luck, by Chance Play-Potheen, with Darby Dieppe, by Foray II. (imp.)-La Croma (imp.), four lengths further off. It is of interest to New Zealanders and Australians



A GREY DERBY WINNER.

Mahmoud, by Blenheim—Mah Mahal, going out to win The Derby, 1936. Through his dam, he inherits the coat-colour from The Tetrarch.

to note that Spearmint, a son of Carbine, figures in the maternal lines of the sires of the English and Kentucky Derby winners, both run on the same day—June 9. Nearco (Dante's sire) has for granddam the Spearmint mare Catnip; while Sir Galahad III.'s dam was the immortal Plucky Liege, whose fame as a brood mare has placed Spearmint very high in the list as a sire of stud gems.

The Greys In Australia.

When The Tetrarch "set the Thames on fire" in England by his meteoric victories, a great deal was written to the effect that the greys were coming into their own again; and some were imported to this country. In Chrysolaus (Roi Herode-Chrysis) we imported a very fast horse, but a faint-hearted one; and he was the best of the bunch to come this way, including His Reverence, The Destroyer and Grey Monk. Chrysolaus went close to winning the Doncaster Handicap in 1920; in fact, such a lead had he that the race looked "all over bar shouting," when he stopped to no-thing in the last 50 yards, to be beaten by Sydney Damsel. His rider came in for a deal of criticism over that defeat, but as the incident took place right in front of the stands, it was hardly likely that the horse was deliberately kept from

winning in a place where so many could see what was going on. Subsequently, however, Chrysolaus established an Australasian record for nine furlongs, just to prove that his Doncaster form was all wrong; but he was not reliable, and later on at the stud did not succeed to produce any worthwhile racehorses.

Of course, it has to be conceded that the greys are in a minority as thoroughbreds but, even allowing for that, they cut a rather sorry figure when compared with other colours. In the 'nineties of last century Carbine was mated twice with the grey mare Duenna. From the first mating came the bay colt Amberite, winner of both A.J.C. and Victoria Derbies and Caulfield Cup of 1897; and his younger brother, Pelissier, was a grey, and of no account whatever in Metropolitan company, though he did manage to win a race or two up Mudgee way. Amberite was little short of being a champion, as he ran second to Merloolas in the Sydney Cup of 1898, and conceded that horse three years and 18lb. in weight; and Merloolas subsequently proved up to weight-for-age standard.

A Grey Melbourne Cup Winner. The only grey to win the Melbourne Cup was the eight-year-old gelding, Tory Boy, by Wollaton— Fair Ellen, in 1865; but in 1886 Sil-

vermine represented the colour, or lack of it, by running third to Arsenal and Trenton, and the following year was second to Dunlop. Since I have been attending races at Randwick I have seen two greys run second in the Sydney Cup. The first was the Queensland-bred Greygown, owned at the time by that - dynamic personality, Kelly Maitland, who always averred that his horse won. It was a remarkably close finish between Highborn, Greygown and Yowi, but while Highborn and Yowi finished on the rails, with only a neck separating them, Greygown was wide out, under the judge's box, and yet was placed between Highborn and Yowi -a rather remarkable decision. Mr. Maitland claimed that Greygown won by a clear half-length, and his opinion was shared by several onlookers. The other grey was Acetine, trained by that astute mentor, Mr. Dick Wootton, who threw in for a big stake on the result of that race, which took place in 1902. Dick got a good run for his money, but the grey had no hope with the peerless Wakeful, who conceded Acetine 33lb., and won as she liked. Acetine, by the way, was half-brother to Amberite, who would have easily beaten Wakeful at that difference in weights, if not on even terms.



Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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Sport from a Global Angle

Sport all round the world begins to show signs of preparation for peace-time conditions, but trainers in England continue to solve the fodder problem by becoming practical farmers.

U.S.A. Breeders and Jersey Act.

For many years American breeders have complained about the Jersey Act, which debars many horses in U.S.A. from entry in the General Stud Book of England.

The Thoroughbred Racing Association of the U.S.A. state that the 1944 racing season conclusively proved that "the old-fashioned American lines still hold their own despite the importation of Epsom Derby winners and other fashionable stallions.

"The fact that the Fairplays, of which Man o' War is one, head the sires' list of 1944 may have a great deal of effect on breeding in the U.S.A. and England in the immediate years to come," the statement said, "there is hope in this country that the Jersey Act will be abolished.

"The abolition of this bar might also be helped by the growing indications that the progress of plane travel after the war will make international horse racing more common. It will be easy to transport horses between England and the U.S.A. in such quick time that the racing form of the horse will not be greatly affected."

How Trainers Became Farmers.

English trainers Fred Templeman and H. L. Cottrill are helping to solve the food problem by becoming farmers.

Both train at Lambourn, but whereas Cottrill has retired to become a dairy farmer, Templeman tills the soil to feed his horses.

Early in the war years Templeman was faced with heavy responsibilities. No one knew what would be the prospects of racing during the war. If there was to be racing, there would be precious little of it.

You could scarcely give horses away, but neither could you advise their owners to keep them in training. There were hundreds of horses in the Lambourn area eating their heads off, and with the slenderest prospects of paying their way.

Templeman reduced the size of his team materially each year. Other trainers solved their problems in various ways. Templeman's solution was firstly to keep his stable going as best he could, and secondly to increase his farming interests.

He was one of the first trainers to realise that around him was the priceless asset of wartime—the land. Land produced food, and food would enable him to see that his horses, at any rate, should not go short.

How Templeman founded the Rabley Stud does not concern us here. Upshot of it all is, to-day he not only has a first-class stud farm, but has also a stable and staff which many might envy. He has been fortunate inasmuch as his friends and patrons—the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Thornton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Simms and others—have supported the stable throughout the war, and that he has attracted new owners, notably those keen young people, Mr. and Mrs. Lilley.

Last Fight for Joe Louis.

Joe Louis, world heavyweight champion since 1937, will quit the ring after one more fight. The "Brown Bomber" has announced that he will defend his title against Billy Conn and, win or lose, he will hang up his gloves.

"While the war is on," added the champion, "I shall not think of boxing, but when peace comes I will give Billy the Kid a match. He deserves a crack at the title, as he gave me my hardest fight."

It is generally agreed in America, says "Stars and Stripes," that the earliest Louis and his challenger can meet is 1946. It will be recalled that the American boxing authorities "froze" all championship fights soon after the outbreak of hostilities.

Louis admits that he has put on weight, with a consequent loss of speed, but he is confident that the right sort of training will bring him to his old superb condition. The champion shrewdly points out that Conn, who relies mainly on his speedy footwork, would not have benefited by his long lay-off.

How Good Was This Pup?

Backers of Mrs. J. A. Dewar's Dutton Thunderbolt for the Waterloo Cup may at least be assured that they supported one of the gamest puppies that ever went to slips.

This young son of Lending Library and Dutton Thistle electrified all at the first meeting of the season at Druids Lodge by dealing with all his hares in summary fashion and winning all his courses unchallenged.

On the strength of this outstanding performance Dutton Thunderbolt became one of the best backed of Waterloo Cup contenders.

The amazing thing is that Dutton Thunderbolt ever coursed at all, much less displayed such brilliant form.

Mr. J. A. Dewar states that the puppy died suddenly in his kennel.

Naturally anxious to be satisfied as to the cause, he engaged a veterinary surgeon to conduct a postmortem examination. What it revealed leads one to marvel that Dut-



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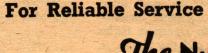
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Ice Fish

ton Thunderbolt was able to course a hare at any period of his life.

It was found that the youngster was suffering from an enlarged spleen. So exceptional was this organ that it was four times the normal size.

The End of Solario.

The stallion Solario died recently at the Wyck Hall Stud, Newmarket, at the age of 25. He was the sire of the Derby winners Midday Sun and Straight Deal.

An offer of £100,000 was made for Solario by the Aga Khan after he had won the Coronation Cup at Epsom in 1926, and was refused by the late Sir John Rutherford. Bought as a yearling for 3,500 gns., Solario, a son of Gainsborough, won the St. Leger and the Ascot Gold Cup in addition to the Coronation Cup.

When Sir John Rutherford died in 1932 a syndicate of English breeders was formed and bought Solario for 47,000 gns. to forestall an American syndicate which was seeking to get possession of him.

In 1942 Solario was the subject of an income tax appeal which came before Mr. Justice Lawrence in the Revenue Court. The appeal was by certain members of the syndicate owning Solario against the decision of the Tax Commissioners that they were liable to income tax on the proceeds of nominations to the sire which they had sold. The appeal was dismissed.

Golden Decade of Sport.

Bill Tilden, who was recently ranked fourth best professional lawn tennis player, thinks there will be a golden age of sport within ten years of the end of the war.

"This age," says Tilden, "should start about 1950 and probably last until 1960. Returning servicemen will be seeking some outlet for their energy, which would be found in sport."

Another Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey will be produced.

A Real Double Dead-Heat.

The many remarkable occurrences recorded in racing were added to last month in New Zealand when the Poukawa Maiden, a divided event, resulted in a dead-heat for first place

in each division. The dead-heaters in the first division were Arco and Moutoa Lord, and in the second division Treasure Tee and Panope. This is the first occurrence of the kind in New Zealand. Maybe it is the only one anywhere.

Suggested Check on Television.

Sporting bodies in England are moving already to provide against the encroachment of television.

Promoters of spectacular events having a high entertainment value foresee the reduction of income from admission charges if television becomes general, as feared or anticipated.

Both racecourse and football associations already have conferred on this matter.

Discussions have been inaugurated for combined action to promote legislation for the protection of sports promoters or other producers against television, broadcasting or other reproduction which might deprive them of financial benefit.

Racegoers Form Union.

While organisation and plans are in the air, racegoers in England are not going to be left out.

Bookmakers beware! A Racegoers' Association has been formed with

headquarters in London and branches in Edinburgh, Manchester, Leicester, Brighton and Salisbury.

Objects of the Association are to promote and protect the interests of those who pay for admission to the racecourses. Annual subscription is 2/6 and life membership £2/2/.

It is hoped to secure representation to the Jockey Club on all matters affecting the welfare of racing and to obtain from racecourse executives modern stand accommodation, catering on hotel lines and other amenities. Adequate travelling facilities at reduced rates will also be sought.

In Memory of Donoghue.

At the suggestion of Freddie Fox and others intimately associated with the late Steve Donoghue, a fund has been inaugurated to perpetuate Steve's memory.

The Mayor of Warrington, Councillor A. Boulting, is head of a small committee formed to administer the Fund, which will be devoted to any Warrington charity as occasion arises. Steve had endowed two cots at the Warrington Infirmary.

Fox and the jockeys of England will make certain that "Come-on Steve" will not be forgotten.

£240,000 ART UNION

FOR THE

AUSTRALIAN COMFORTS FUND

The Fund requires £800,000 from the citizens of N.S.W. to meet its 1945 commitment to the men and women of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Public, Industrial and Commercial Organisations are co-operating in a drive during June, July and August to obtain this large amount of money.

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FIRST PRIZE VALUE £20,000
SECOND PRIZE VALUE £7,000
THIRD PRIZE VALUE £3,000

2,530 other prizes.

Full details obtainable at Tattersall's Club

RURAL MEMBERS

E. Hunter Bowman, "Skellatar," Muswellbrook.

This month we get back to our rural members, and E. Hunter Bowman, comes into immediate focus.

Hunter is famed for his connection with a prad which came his way by the merest chance.

Some time back a racehorse was offered as a prize in an up-country raffle.

It was won by the soldier son of Harry Oakes, who is well and favourably known to members as a close friend of Hunter's and manager of his string of horses which engage attention every time there is anything of importance on in Sydney or surrounding race meetings.

The prize was immediately handed over to Hunter for directions.

War Effort is the prad referred to, and in recent times those who have backed him in good class sprints have thrice gone home wreathed in smiles.

In days that were, another speedster, in Flying Knight, oftentimes made one glad to know the owner, and that horse was probably his best performer in all company.

Hunter never misses a point and, although he frequently turns on the famous "Billy Hughes" act, he hears all that is necessary to tend toward good-fellowship, and whether or not you or I are on the right track in our outlook on life generally.

Round Muswellbrook way our member is regarded in the highest possible light, and when those near you sing your praises nothing serrous could be wrong.

When not engaged in rural pursuits, Hunter turns his attention to the commercial world in which he is equally successful as on his property or in the sporting field.

He is interested in many country business activities—one of which enables him to speak authoritatively on "quota" matters of the beverage that cheers.

Hunter is a frequent visitor to Sydney, and, ipso facto, a regular visitor to our club.

When the visits become a bit more frequent the tempo of cheering will

liven and the crescendo advanced. He should come more often.

That is our only complaint—and it is a good one, as you will agree.

Hitler and Company have been laid low, and the best we can hope now is that the "War Effort" will continue on large-scale tactics until "honourable" Prince Hirohito receives equal quietus.

In the interim the more we see of Hunter the merrier we'll be!

Otway Falkiner, Boonoke North, Widgiewa.

Otway Falkiner is a name that will live through the years long after the general public have forgotten all about most of us. And there's a good reason. Hon. Stanley Bruce, when Prime Minister of Australia, made the famous remark in Parliament at Canberra, that "Australia rides on the sheep's back."

Maybe Hon. Stanley was right, but if there is reason for his statement it is because the Otway Falkiners have made it so.

Every sheep man South of the Line knows the Falkiner brand which has meant countless thousands of pounds sterling to the Commonwealth throughout the years.

Otway is one of the biggest sheepmen in the country, and his fleeces always attract attention from buyers in all parts of the world.

Away from the hurly-burly of grazing interests, Otway spends a modicum of time looking classy steeds over and his uncanny eye stands him in good stead.

We all remember "David," pride of the turf in days that were. That horse won seven "weight-for-age" races and £28,000 in prize money. He was known as the "cast iron" horse, and that is another story.

Our member is a lover of the equine tribe, and his instructions regarding their treatment in their younger years has meant the world of difference between worn out performers and prads leaving a turf career while still possessed of the best qualities.

David, after retirement, was sent to the stud and, over the last 10 years, has been the most successful sire of jumpers in Victoria.

Otway has had a colourful life, and has ever been noted for his readiness to back his opinion.

There is the classic instance, when David won the Sydney Cup, and he backed him for £25,000 in one hand. But even that falls before the instance when he was "challenged" by a well-known Victorian "commissioner" at the Victoria Club, who asked if he would care to back his steed at odds of 14 to 1. Otway replied: "Yes, I'll back him to win me £100,000 at those odds," and the wager was written on the spot.

Members can always pick out Otway. He wears the traditional "sundowner" hat and represents, approximately, five feet eight inches of joviality.

In our social and rural life he plays a tremendous part.

A great mixer, with a business head allied to friendship in every form.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT ...

These Things Happened Right Opposite Our Front Door

In these days of jitterbugging, swing and the like, one may be forgiven for wondering what the next "atrocity" will be to take the form of "entertainment" as an emblem, let us say, of our advancing culture. That noun is popular today, but there are some of us who think it should be spelt with a "K" and of doubtful quality.

But, there is no gainsaying that public favour changes like the wind.

What follows is the result of a long search through the pages of "The Sydney Gazette and N.S.W. Advertiser," which first made its appearance on March 5, 1803, in the days of Governor King. The newspaper was brought out under Government authority.

There are many instances quoted of sporting events, but, for purposes of this article, only those which took place right in front of our present club premises will be quoted.

And, so we go on to October 15, 17 and 19, 1810, on which dates the first races conducted on Hyde Park were held. Before that the prads had engaged at Parramatta.

The meeting was highly successful, and attracted "the largest attendance ever gathered in the colony."

Chase won the Subscribers' Plate of 50 gs. on the first day and the Ladies' Cup for a similar amount on the second day, while Scratch won the Magistrates' Purse, also of 50 gs., on the third day.

"At the same meeting Mr. Wentworth won three races with his horse Gig." Several footraces were run during the meeting, "which excited much pleasantry."

There was a match made by Dicky Dowling for 20 gs. to carry 14 stone on his back, fifty yards before his antagonist, a young, active man, should run backwards and forwards the same ground, making 100 yards.

Dowling won by less than a foot.

The amateurs of cockfighting were amused with their favourite sport at a house adjoining the Park. A number of good battles were fought, and the pit was crowded each day.

One main of seven was fought by two gentlemen "for a sum which was said to be considerable."

There were four survivors on each side.

The next meeting took place on February 2, 1811.

Captain Barclay's bay pony and a bay belonging to Mr. Ovens, raced for 20 gs., owners up. Barclay won.

Another match was between "The Bolter" and Mr. Birch's Boshy.

True to name, "The Bolter" bolted just before the start, but Mr. Birch waited "with great sportsmanship" for him to go round the course to the starting point, and was beaten "for his pains" by half a length.

On July 29 of the same year a footrace was contested (20 gs. aside), the conditions being that one man would carry another 50 yards on his back while the other ran 100 yards. The firstnamed won by 20 yards.

The third Hyde Park meeting was held on August 17, 19, 21 and 22, 1812, but without going into details let me quote the last bit of the report:

"A match race for 20 gs. between Capt. Cameron's Miss Portly and Capt. Crane's Erin, which was won by the former, terminated the programme—at least so far as the advertised programme was concerned."

In those days horseowners and the general public carried on impromptu events after shut-up time. For instance:

At the conclusion of the last race on December 18, 1814, Lieut. Raymond backed his Castor to run one mile in less than 2min. 4sec. He got there with one second to spare. Odds against were 3/1 before the start.

Again, at the end of the January 7, 1814, meeting, John Berringer and Charles Sefton had a fight and "set to with equal spirit and confidence."

"Sefton's strength had observedly declined over the final stages, and he was at length grudgingly forced to admit his adversarie's superiority."

Now a long skip to February, 1821, and another cockfight.

A gentleman possessed a bird of unusual proportions. He was considered too tough for the table, and it was decided to give him a Shrove Tuesday chance to display his wares against selected adversaries.

Rejoicing in the name of "Dick," the bird's owner challenged all and sundry for a series of one down one up contests.

Here follows an exact quote:

"The owner bet twopence a throw to as many bettors who cared and Dick earned several shillings



for his unfeeling master; but it was needful he should stand up till he was knocked down, and the 'sportsman' still kept on betting until, worn out by fatigue, Dick was forced to stand still and become an easy victim to a brutal assailant. His owner then immediately wrung his neck, and, later, translated him into curry."

And, here's a bit to make members sit up and take notice:

We are all proud to know our own Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, is also Chairman of the "recently-formed" Sydney Turf Club. (The quote marks are my own, because—.)

The "Gazette" of March 17, 1825, says: "This year saw a wonderful change for the better in sporting affairs, for not only was the Sydney Turf Club formed with two meetings in its first year, of which Sir Thomas Brisbane was

patron, but a Race Club was also formed at Parramatta."

On March 18, a meeting of the Sydney Turf Club was held. It was first resolved to limit the club to 60 members, but, later, this exclusiveness was abandoned.

At a further meeting it was announced His Excellency had consented to act as patron and Sir John Jamieson as president of the club.

The club held its first race meeting on April 25 and 26, 1825.

Mr. Wentworth's Speedy won the Ladies' Purse. There were seven starters.

The Town Plate was won by Mr. Nash's Junius, which was destined to remain champion over a long period, etc., etc.

The report ends:

"... and so closed, everything considered, perhaps the best race meeting that has ever been held in Australia."

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Denver Athletic Club, Denver,

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, III.

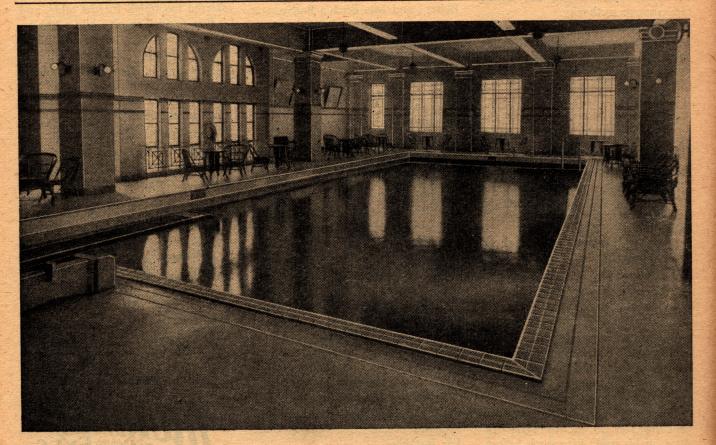
Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.



THE CLUB SWIMMING POOL.
(Third Floor)

Snowy Baker has a Birthday

(Written by Ned Cronin, Sports Editor, in the Los Angeles "Daily News" of February 8.)

TO-DAY is the birthday of the gent who, perhaps, has done more than any other person in keeping polo from becoming as dead as a dodo in Southern California.

The fellow's surname is Baker. but if you should chance to cut loose with a "Happy birthday, dear Reginald," in behalf of his given name, he probably wouldn't know whom the lyrics were meant for, on account of he always goes by the front handle of Snowy. This is a nickname of long standing, and was undoubtedly hung on him because his platinum blonde hair is accentuated by his bronzed, wind-burned face. Stick a wad of cotton on top of a basketball and it will give you the general idea.

Snowy holds the title of equestrian director at the Riviera Counjunkets astride the hay burners, fancy horsebacking, he has somehorseback is one of the oldest of sports, and it would never do to have it roll over and play dead in this land of athletic plenty.

try Club, and in addition to organising horse shows, cross country steeplechase events and plain and how managed to keep polo alive in this neck of the woods-an achievement that is certainly worthy of note since whacking the ball on

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Some 15 years ago Los Angeles was second only to Meadowbank, Long Island, as the top polo spot in the country, and the only reason Meadowbank rated its No. 1 position was because that was where the international matches were held.

There was as much, or more, high goal polo played in the vicinity of Los Angeles as there was any place else in the country. This was due to a number of reasons, including the fact that during the winter months out here the poloists didn't have to buck the sleet and the snow that covered the eastern fields.

Besides our own local talent, which was considerable, there were visiting mallet swingers from all over the world. Crack teams from the Argentines used to arrive with strings of speedy, tough, well-trained ponies, which they would ride like men possessed and then sell to the American polo players before returning to South America.

Eric Pedley, Cecil Smith, Elmer Boeseke, Pat and Aiden Roark, Laddie Sanford, Pete Bostwick, Bob Honeyman, Juan Reynal, Juan Dugan, Diego Cavanaugh and a good many other polo's uppercrust performed each Sunday before the goggled eyes of the working staff sitting on one side of the field, and the cool, restrained approval of the carriage trade seated on the other.

It became the fashion for the gay young blades and the not so gay older blades with heavy bankrolls to acquire a stable of polo ponies. Others could not indulge, for polo was an expensive hobby.

Then along came several things that greased the skids for the boys in the mounted croquet racket. The internal revenue department ruled that expenses couldn't be written off on the income tax unless the person involved was solely in the business of training polo ponies. The hobby stuff was out.

The toughest blow to polo was

the advent of horse racing. Sportsmen whose love for horses prompted them to keep a stable of the beasts on hand, quickly turned to the turf. Where polo could not be operated under anything but a loss, horse racing could now and then make a return through purses or by dint of a sagacious bet or two. Added was the thrill of having one's own colours on a race track.

So polo slid downhill until now there is only one plant where it is being played. That is the Riviera Country Club, and were it not for Snowy Baker, the chances are that we in Los Angeles and environs wouldn't have a chukker to our

Aside from his ability to keep pumping a little life into polo, Snowy is a remarkable fellow for a number of other reasons. Although he reaches his 61st birthday to-day, he is still so full of red corpuscles and vinegar that he can outperform most youngsters a third his age.

Baker has been a great amateur athletic all his life, and during his career here and in his native Australia he became proficient in 29 different sports. And I didn't even know there were that many.

Snowy shows no signs of slowing down, and probably will be the only man about whom it can be recorded that he was injured while playing polo at the age of 135.



THRILLING FINISHES

(By E. B. Jones in "Rugby News.")

INVERLEITH, EDINBURGH.

—The last Rugger match played there between England and Scotland. Fifteen seconds to go. Score 6-6, and W. E. G. LUDDINGTON (Royal Navy), the England forward, walks back for a place-kick from far out on the left. A silence that you could swallow. Thousands of wishes working against the ball, which sails high between the posts. Whistle.

Twickenham. — OWEN-SMITH everywhere; OBOLENSKY appearing from nowhere and his tackle saving the Oxford line by inches

Oxford 5, Cambridge 3.

Sydney Cricket Ground, 1934.— Grand final between Manly and Three minutes to go, Randwick. and the score is: Manly 12, Rand-TOWERS breaks away wick 8. and, when surrounded, throws the ball in field. STONE picks it up and rushes ahead, passes to PURCELL, who has a swarm of defenders converging upon him, but he bustles his way over the line. The non-chalant PURCELL walks back with the ball, places it in the hands of the holder, and kicks. The ball seems to wobble as if passing through air-pockets, and finally clears

the bar by inches. A minute later the bell clangs, and Randwick has won by a point.

England and Wales at Swansea. -The English forwards, led by SAMMY WOODS, the Australian, and HARRY BRADSHAW, the Yorkshire terror, had given the Welsh defence a torrid time. A minute to go, England 13, Wales 11, and the Welsh were given a free kick. The Welsh captain, A. J. ("MONKEY") GOULD (he earned the sobriquet when shinning up a goal-post to replace a fallen crossbar), hands the ball to BANCROFT, the full-back. BANCROFT walks back and kicks for goal. The ball soars high and true between the posts, and Wales wins by a point.

The New Zealanders are playing Cardiff at the Cardiff Arms Park. Score, 5-all. The ball is kicked over the Cardiff line. BUSH, the Cardiff captain, runs back, kicks at the ball to send it out of bounds, misses, and SEELING, the N.Z. forward, following fast, drops on the ball for a try. N.Z. 10, Cardiff 5. In play again, with only a few minutes to go, BUSH receives the ball from a scrum in his own 25. He sets off like a wraith; defenders dive at him, but they all miss by inches. The defence beaten, he lets the ball go,

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN —

Don't think that you're either young or too old to do great things. Jefferson was 33 when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin was 26 when he wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac." Charles Dickens was 24 when he began his "Pickwick Papers" and 25 when he wrote "Oliver Twist." McCormick was 23 when he invented the reaper; and Newton 24 when he formulated the law of gravitation.

But—Emanuel Kant at 74 wrote his finest philosophical works. Verdi at 80 produced "Falstaff" and at 85 "Ave Maria." Goethe at 80 completed "Faust." Tennyson at 80 wrote "Crossing the Bar." Michelangelo completed his greatest work at 87, Titian at 98 painted the historic picture "Battle of Lepanto." Justice Holmes at 90 was still writing brilliant opinions, and George Bernard Shaw at 88 is still superbly Shavian.—Louis Nizer in "Pageant."

and the Cardiff backs finish an amazing movement. WINFIELD kicks for goal, misses by inches, and Cardiff is defeated for the first and only time in the season, 10-8.

RACING FIXTURES—1945

JUNE.	计算数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据数据
Rosehill	Saturday, 2nd
Rosebery	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C	. Saturday, 10th
A.J.C	. Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 30th
JULY.	
Rosehill	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C	Saturday, 21st
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 28th
AUGUST.	
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday 4th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 11th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 18th
Red Cross Meeting (Randwick)	, Saturday, 25th
# 1 B 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
SEPTEMBER.	
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
Tattersall's	Saturday, 8th
Rosehill	Saturday, 15th

SEPTEMBER—Continued.	
Hawkesbury	
OCTOBER.	
A.J.C. Saturday, 6th A.J.C. Saturday, 13th City Tattersall's Saturday, 20th Rosebery Saturday, 27th	
NOVEMBER.	
Rosehill	
DECEMBER.	
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 1st Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 8th Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 15th A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd A.J.C. Wednesday, 26th Tattersall's Saturday, 29th	

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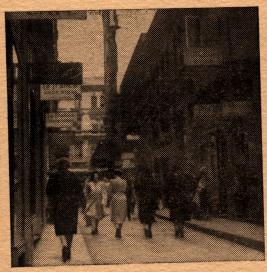
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ROWE STREET



Old-world Rowe Street.

O NE of the quaintest and indeed one of the most historic of Sydney's thoroughfares is Rowe Street, Running from Pitt Street to Castlereagh Street, between King Street and Martin Place, this tiny street—it is barely more than a lane in width—has something of a Continental touch, emphasised strongly by the cosmopolitan and colourful character of its small, closely-packed but intriguing shops.

Undoubtedly there is an unusual fascin-

closely-packed but intriguing shops.

Undoubtedly there is an unusual fascination about this miniature but convenient and practical city thoroughfare.

And in the name of Rowe Street, the City of Sydney has honoured for all time a man whose fine artistry and craftsmanship have contributed so lastingly and decoratively to the architecture of this city—the late Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Rowe, F.R.I.B.A., founder of the Institute of Architects in New South Wales.

Thomas Rowe, already a talented young

Thomas Rowe, already a talented young draughtsman, arrived in Australia from England in 1848 filled with the desire for adventure. Later the lure of the goldfields attracted him and with an Irishman as his partner he walked over the Mountains to the diggings at Sofala where luck favoured the two men with a good find of gold.

the two men with a good find of gold.

Unfortunately, however, the Irishman proved thoroughly unscrupulous and decamped one night taking the gold with him. Disillusioned, stranded and almost destitute, young Thomas Rowe displayed that strength of character which throughout his life governed his actions and in place of bemoaning his ill-luck, set to work bravely to earn a living and repay the debts which had accrued. Turning his skill with tools to account he manufactured cradles for miners to wash the gold-filled earth and even capitalised his prowess as an amateur wrestler by entertaining the population of Sofala with exhibitions.

Subsequently in 1856 Thomas Rowe re-

Subsequently in 1856 Thomas Rowe returned to Sydney and set up in business as an architect. Success came slowly but an architect.

surely and gradually he built up a connection and reputation as a designer of high degree.

His first ecclesiastical building was St. George Church in Castlereagh Street and later he designed the Great Synagogue. Many handsome buildings in the City of Sydney, the suburbs and country owe their erection to his skill and artistry—to mention two—the Sydney Arcade and Newingston College.

It should also never be forgotten

It should also never be forgotten that had Thomas Rowe been permitted to proceed with his original plans, Sydney Hospital would have been one of the masterpieces of the Southern Hemisphere.

Despite a bury life devoted to

Despite a busy life devoted to business, Church and Social Welfare work, Thomas Rowe found time to take a keen and active interest in the defence of the colony. In 1872 he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the then newly-formed Engineers Corps; later, in 1886, he was promoted to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

He became an alderman of the City Council and in the course of his municipal work took a leading part in the re-naming of Sydney's streets. In recognition of his activities in this direction, his brother aldermen called by his name the little street between Pitt and Castlereagh Streets, in the very heart of the city—hence the Rowe Street of today.

Prior to the re-naming, Rowe Street had been known as Brougham Place and the early appearance of this historic little thoroughfare would have been an interesting sight for the people, who, bent on business or pleasure, pass that way today for it contained a double row of quaint cottages on the model of those introduced to New South Wales by Governor Macquarie. These houses in the 50's were occupied by respectable mechanics chiefly employed in These houses in the 50's were occupied by respectable mechanics chiefly employed in the foundry of P. N. Russell & Coy. A number of cottages went under in the fire which destroyed the Prince of Wales Opera House in 1872, but in 1898 two still remained—about the last fragments of old Sydney in that neighbourhood.

On one corner of Brougham Place stood an old-fashioned public house and another, it is said, contained Hardie's Bakery.

The disastrous fire of 1890 which started in the premises of Gibb, Shallard & Coy.'s printing office in Pitt Street, although destroying property to the value of some hundred thousand pounds, actually may be looked upon as a blessing in disguise for it changed for the better the architecture of that part of Sydney containing the block between King and Hunter Streets.

Prior to the time of this fire three thoroughfares for pedestrians existed in this particular block—Hosking Place, Foxlow Place (now Martin Place) and Brougham no provision was made for horses

low Place (now Martin Place) and Dougard Place; no provision was made for horses or vehicles.

Incidentally, that portion of Castleragh Street, between Brougham Place and Hunter Street was looked upon, between the years 1840-1880, as one of the most eligible residential sites in Sydney.

In the re-building after the 1890 fire, improvements were planned and carried out

and the city in the environs of the present Martin Place took on more of the aspect of today.

Thus was born the Rowe Street we know—the still quaint, little, lane-like street which can, to the imaginative, conjure up a vision of some far-off Eastern bazaar.

No longer is it the respectable residential area of the last century—no longer do the hard-working artisans who lived in the Street's quaint cottages take their simple pleasures in the variety entertainment of the Prince of Wales Theatre nearby and no longer do the carriages of the gentry lend an air of dignity and magnificence to the adjacent great thoroughfares of Pitt and Castlereagh Streets.

The rush and roar of a great city has supplanted the more leisured ease of those spacious days and progress has brought in its wake, speed—speed in the clangour of the electric tram, the smooth purr of the motor and the steady drone of the plane.

Pregress! Wonderful and breath-taking, with greater wonders yet to come as the world moves on through the century to greater speed and greater achievements.

And yet—in the quaint almost old-world charm still evident in the Rowe Street of today—it is possible and it is pleasant to wander back in imagination to the Brougham Place of the 50's and conjure up a picture of Sydney in the making—a city in its adolescent years. adolescent years.

With menories of the street, memories of the name go hand in hand and to one of Sydney's finest citizens a graceful tribute is paid, whose name will live in—Rowe paid,



Lt.-Col. Thomas Rowe.

BAN RURA WALES SOUTH FNEW